

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,  
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



CAPTAIN CHUBB'S NEW QUARTERS.

## LOMBARDY COURT:

A STORY OF THE CITY AND THE SEA.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—HIGH ART.

"Be sure of it. Give me the ocular proof."  
—*Shakespeare.*

THE lodging which Captain Chubb occupied in Little Tower Hill, and to which he betook himself on his return to London, was the first floor of a small house belonging to a photographer, or, as he

No. 1377.—MAY 18, 1878.

preferred to call himself, a photographic artist. His name was Roobins, and our readers have heard of him before. It was he who had given Mr. Adolphus his first instruction in photographic art, and it was to him that he had alluded when, in his conversation with Mr. Huxtable, he had spoken of "a friend who had been several times in Newgate." Mr. Adolphus had mentioned these lodgings on Little Tower Hill to Captain Chubb, and the captain, who engaged them upon his recommendation, had no reason to be

PRICE ONE PENNY.

dissatisfied with the result. With the exception of the drawing-room floor, all the house was artistic and photographic. The front shop was a portrait-gallery, and the back parlour an "art repository and bureau." Chemical operations went on in the back kitchen and cellar, the attics were retiring and attiring rooms, and the studio was on the roof. The shop-window and cases displayed a great variety of portraits which did considerable credit, not only to the skill of the artist, but also to the largeness and liberality of his sentiments, political and general. There were sailors in great number, but soldiers also; there were statesmen of all principles—and perhaps of none—Tories, Whigs, Radicals, Home Rulers, and stump orators, mingled together without any invidious distinction; there were popular preachers and popular actors, and all these smiling at each other and at the people who stopped to look at them with a universality of benevolence which was exemplary. There were judges, magistrates, and policemen even, and poets and historians, of every nationality and costume. There was a second gallery of portraits—that is to say, another compartment in the glass case—reserved for celebrities of a different stamp, notorious criminals and their victims, and the instruments of cruelty with which crimes had been committed, and the places which had been rendered infamous by their misdeeds. Such a cabinet of horrors would seem to be almost a profanation of the daylight, by the help of which it was depicted; but light passes everywhere and touches everything without contracting any defilement; light can set its mark upon every object, however loathsome and unnatural, without being itself polluted; and that can hardly be said of anything else in nature.

Mr. Roobins was a meek, quiet, pleasant-looking little man, not at all the kind of person one would have suspected of being associated with such horrors, yet the course of his practice had in reality brought him into much more intimate communication with these pests and outcasts of society than with any of the higher and nobler celebrities, for before setting up in business for himself he had been employed by the police, and had taken part in many a secret investigation in which his art was made available for the solution of mystery or the detection of crime. It was rumoured that he still assisted in matters of this kind occasionally, but, if so, he never spoke about it.

Reggie Carlton had been a frequent visitor at Mr. Roobins's from the time when Captain Chubb first took up his abode there, and the good-natured photographer made him free of his studio, and admitted him to his dark closet and showed him some of the mysteries of his art. When business was slack he made a "subject" of him; and the boy was to be seen in various attitudes and costumes, now sitting upon the high-backed chair, the seat of many celebrities, now balancing carelessly upon the corner of a valuable mediæval table, now playing with a three-legged, one-eyed dog—but that was before Chalk disappeared from the scene—and now riding upon his own back or shaking hands with himself, as if there were two Reggies in the world instead of one, a thing which Captain Chubb declared could never be; no, never!

One day Reggie persuaded the skipper, soon after his return from Littlebar, to sit down in the celebrity chair, and then placed himself upon his knee, and called out to Mr. Roobins to "take them so together," but the skipper suddenly turned very grave, and got up out of the chair and left the room.

"No, no," they heard him say as he went stumbling down the little winding staircase; "not yet, if ever. No."

"What's up?" Mr. Roobins asked.

"I don't know," said Reggie; "he turns away like that sometimes when I talk about my mother. He used to be so kind to her, and liked to talk about her, but he never goes to see her now. It's not her fault, I know."

"H'm!" said the photographer; "your mother's a widow, ain't she?"

"Yes," said Reggie.

"That accounts for a good deal."

The boy thought over those words, but could not make much meaning out of them, and Mr. Roobins declined to give him any explanation.

It was not often, however, that Captain Chubb and Reggie were within doors together; the former spent the greater part of his time in wandering about the Docks, making or renewing acquaintance with skippers or seamen, boarding ships which had recently arrived, trying and hoping always to gain some tidings of the boat's crew which had parted from him on the ocean, and of the spectre ship which had appeared so suddenly for the destruction of his own vessel, and had vanished again with no less rapidity. He had put up notices in the sailors' homes, and in many of the slop-shops, offering a handsome reward to any one who could bring him information of the kind he sought, and if there were really any survivors of the ship which had done him that great injury, it would be very strange, he thought, if he did not, sooner or later, get to hear of them.

Mr. Adolphus called on Mr. Roobins sometimes, and always went upstairs to see the captain. He liked his company and his yarns; he admired the corkscrew staircase and the drawing-room, the walls of which were covered with cabinet portraits and views; and was always anxious to know, "by the way," whether the captain had succeeded, or was likely to succeed, in getting any news of Charley, "for his mother's sake, of course, don't you know." He had hardly ever seen the young man himself, but he supposed he was a nice young fellow, and very good-looking?

"A very nice young fellow indeed," Captain Chubb would answer; "and very good-looking, as you say." At which Mr. Adolphus would sigh, and take his leave with a dismal attempt at cheerfulness.

In short, at this particular crisis of our history, everybody concerned in it seemed to be more or less under a cloud, and there did not appear to be much prospect, as the skipper said, of fairer weather.

It happened one evening about this time that Mr. Adolphus, who had left the counting-house at the usual hour, returned there a little later to fetch something which he had forgotten, and to his surprise found Mr. Jones still perched up on his rostrum, and deeply absorbed in his books.

"Why, Mr. Jones," he said, "what's up? Are you going to sit there all night?"

"I don't know; I can't say," said the old man, with a dazed expression. "I've got something here that puzzles me, and I want to get it right. I couldn't rest if I were to go away, so I may as well go on with it while I can see."

"You had better have candles."

"I don't mean that," said Jones; "there's light enough; but I get so confused looking at the figures that they seem to swim before my eyes."

"Let me help you," said Mr. Adolphus, good-naturedly. "I can read if I can't do much else."  
 "Thank you, sir, thank you. Well, if you don't mind staying a little while, you might call over these items while I compare them."

The items were very numerous, and the two men worked on together for more than an hour.

"I can't make it out," said Jones. "I never was puzzled in this way before. I must be getting stupid. I used to say I would never stay in the office after I began to go off; and my head seems as clear as ever it was in most things; but there's something wrong here, and I can't tell what it is."

"Give it up for to-night, Mr. Jones, and come to it fresh to-morrow morning; you'll manage it then."

"No, Mr. Adolphus. You don't know all. I have spent several evenings over these books already, and I don't get any nearer to the solution. Sometimes I think somebody must have been tampering with the books, but I dare not hint at such a thing unless I could prove it. And I can't find any indication of it in the figures or the writing, not the slightest; only they won't come right."

"Have you spoken to Mr. Goldie about it?"

"No; that would be no use. If I cannot get out of this muddle by myself, I shall not be fit to hold my place here any longer. I must get it right at all events, if I give up afterwards. I couldn't bear to have it said I left the books in disorder."

"They seem to be as fair and clean as ever they were," said Mr. Adolphus; "copperplate and artist proof I always said, don't you know, except where Huxtable has marked them, more shame for him; but you can't help that."

"There's no erasure," said Mr. Jones, doubtfully, "not the slightest trace of any. It must be a mistake of my own somewhere; the figures are all my own, and yet there's something wrong; and that's all I can say about it."

"I suppose nobody could get at the books except Huxtable?"

"Nobody else."

"Does he ever come to the office out of hours?"

"Oh yes; he often stays late, writing letters, or what not."

"I should keep an eye on him if I were you."

"I do so as well as I can."

"I should get into that cupboard some evening and keep an eye on him through the keyhole, when he doesn't know you are here."

"That's not in my way, Mr. Adolphus."

"Employ a detective then."

"What? A detective in Goldie Brothers' house? You forget yourself, Mr. Adolphus."

"Well then, I don't see what is to be done, except for you to turn out of this place now, and go at it again to-morrow. Come along."

"I shall have no rest, Mr. Adolphus."

"You won't if you stay here, that's quite certain; so lock up the safe and come with me."

Mr. Jones yielded to his friend's importunity, and they left the counting-house together, Mr. Adolphus parting with him on London Bridge, after seeing him safe into an omnibus.

"Huxtable has had a hand in this, don't you know," said Adolphus to himself as he turned to go his own way. "He's as deep as a well, but there's no truth at the bottom of him. Poor old Jones! it will be the death of him if he does not find it out,

or if anybody finds it out for him. I suppose there's money to account for, though he would not say so. I wish I could help him. I wonder what Captain Chubb would say? I'll go round that way and talk to him."

Captain Chubb was smoking a pipe in his drawing-room, and received Mr. Adolphus with his usual cordiality. He listened to his account of Mr. Jones, and then, after a few minutes' silence, said,—

"I don't like to speak too hastily about a thing of this kind, Mr. Adolphus. You see this Huxtable has not behaved very well to me, and I might be prejudiced against him. I don't like him, that's the truth, and I would not trust him farther than I could see him. But I should not like to suspect him wrongfully for all that. There's a man down below who might give us a hint."

"You mean Roobins?"

"Yes."

"Let's call him up and consult him—in general terms, of course, and without reference to any particular case."

Mr. Roobins was always glad to have a chat with the skipper and with Mr. Adolphus, and came as soon as invited; and the subject on which they desired information was presently introduced.

"You want to know whether ink can be erased without leaving a mark? Of course it can. I've seen documents from which a name or a figure has been taken out so neatly that no expert even could discover it. I am an expert myself. I couldn't tell you the means by which it's done, but I know it is done."

"And without soiling the paper or the page?"

"Without a mark, so that you would never guess that there had been any tampering with it. Nobody could find it out."

"How was it found out, then?"

"I'll tell you; by art, sir, art. Photography will find out anything. A good photograph will show marks that can't be seen in the original."

"That is quite true," said Adolphus. "I know that by experience."

Mr. Adolphus had a private studio at home, with a gallery of portraits, for which all his friends were victimised in succession, a sitting being required from every one who called on him by daylight. Most of his studies were more or less blemished by round flowing spots upon their faces, by a statue-like blankness of the eye, or by some distortion of the features; but he hoped to attain perfection some day through Mr. Roobins's instruction.

"I know it by experience," he said. "Most of my photographs have marks, wavy blots, don't you know, which are not to be seen in the originals, as you say. I suppose they have been there at some former time, and Art brings them out again. I never thought of that before. Or they may be representations of something within; indications of character, don't you know; fancy being able to read another fellow's ideas, or to show him all the freckles that he ever had upon his face by photography! If that is not high art, I don't know what is."

"It is not so ridiculous as you seem to think," said Mr. Roobins, who was an enthusiast in his profession. "One thing is certain, that light is reflected or absorbed in different degrees from different substances. Paper which has once been written upon shows differently from paper which has not; it produces a different effect upon the chemi-



cals, and by that means characters which have been written and obliterated can be reproduced and made to show themselves. Photographic art will do anything. I don't think we have half learned the extent of its powers yet. I believe it will be possible to photograph sounds some day; to take tunes as they are played, and to report speeches upon paper as they are uttered, from the vibrations of the air and the effects which they produce upon the rays of light."

"You have a good opinion of your art," said the captain; "and you are right. No man can excel in anything unless he is in earnest about it."

"I get my living by it," said the other; "but I take pleasure in it, also, for the sake of art. I'll give you a proof some day of what I say about those erasures. It is a curious result, and worth looking at."

"Could I do it, do you think?" Mr. Adolphus asked.

"Yes, sir; I have no doubt you could, with a little instruction, which I shall be happy to offer you, and with one of our superior full-sized cameras, which I can put you in at a moderate price. Your own would be hardly large enough."

"I think I shall have a try," said Mr. Adolphus; "just out of curiosity, don't you know. I always said I ought to have been a detective. I'll think about it."

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE EXPERTS.

"Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;  
The thief doth fear each bush a constable."

—Shakespeare.

THE next day Captain Chubb and Mr. Adolphus had a long conference with Mr. Jones. The latter was annoyed and angry that Mr. Adolphus should have made any mention of his difficulty.

"It was not right," he said; "you ought not to go and talk of things outside the Court."

"I only spoke of it to the captain," Adolphus answered; "and you had already let fall a hint upon the subject to him. You can trust him, don't you know?"

"But this Roobins; what have you said to him?"

"Not a word; the Court was not named; he has no idea at all of what we are about. So far as he is concerned, it is merely an experiment in photography."

"You are sure, then, that he suspects nothing?"

"Quite sure."

"I thought you proposed bringing him here to photograph my books," said Mr. Jones, much relieved.

"Certainly not. I shall conduct the operation myself, don't you know, with your assistance, if you don't object to it. Nobody else is to be present or to know anything about it."

"And where is it to be done?"

"Oh, we must find a convenient place somewhere."

"It must be done within these walls if it is done at all," said Jones, resolutely. "The books cannot under any circumstances be removed from this house."

"We shall want a good light, don't you know," said Adolphus; "a room with plenty of glass in it. My tank has glass enough, but no light, else that might do."

"The books shall not be removed from this house," Mr. Jones again asserted most emphatically.

"Then I am afraid we must give it up, unless we go out upon the roof."

"What, in view of the opposite houses, and in public! Oh, Mr. Adolphus!"

"I'll tell you what, don't you know," said Adolphus, brightening up; "talking of the roof—there's an attic, don't you know; full of lumber and rubbish, with a skylight, don't you know; it would be the very thing."

"Would that do?" Mr. Jones asked, reluctantly.

"Do you think that would do?"

It was evident that the old book-keeper had very little sympathy with the proposal, and did not like the idea of exposing his books to such an undignified audit as Mr. Adolphus had suggested.

"Let us go and look at it," Adolphus answered.

"I can soon tell you whether it will do or not."

They went at once to the attic in question, and Mr. Adolphus pronounced it excellent.

"It's as good a studio as any one need have," he said. "I'll bring my camera to-morrow, and take you first, Mr. Jones, by way of experiment, *in corpore vile*, don't you know. If it succeeds, we can try the books afterwards."

Mr. Jones did not understand Latin, but declined the offer as regarded himself, and it was decided that Mr. Adolphus should perfect himself in the art under Mr. Roobins's directions, if he thought proper to do so, and then, if the result of his instruction should be such as to render it worth while, Mr. Jones would seriously entertain the question of submitting his books to trial in the "studio" above. Upon the strength of this Mr. Adolphus purchased the new camera, and spent a great deal of time and money in perfecting himself in the use of it. He soon satisfied himself that the larger instrument was capable, like the smaller one, of producing in the copies marks and stains which were not to be seen upon the original subjects. He found also that writing which had been effaced could really be rendered visible when photographed, though it must be admitted that the traces of it were not so entirely gone from the document upon which his trials were made, and which had been expressly prepared for the purpose, as they seemed to be from Mr. Jones's ledger. He was sanguine, however, of making his art practically useful, and as soon as he had acquired, as he thought, sufficient skill, he made an appointment with Mr. Jones, and early one morning the apparatus was smuggled into the house, and everything prepared in the garret for the operation.

"I don't like it, Mr. Adolphus," the old book-keeper kept on saying. "It is a strange thing to do in a house like this. It will be all over, I trust, before any one comes. I would not have it known to the clerks—Huxtable's clerks, too—on any account. Of course you will keep it a secret whatever happens. I feel very much as if I were being made a fool of; and the books, too—the books, too—that's the worst of it."

Mr. Adolphus pledged himself to secrecy on his royal word, but Mr. Jones did not seem entirely reassured even by that. The ledger was posed, however, and opened under his own guardianship; and the instrument being duly focussed, the operation of "taking" it began.

Page after page was turned over, and the negatives were pronounced by Mr. Adolphus to be excellent. They could not tell what the result would be till they were printed off, which would require time;

but the operator had not patience to wait for that, and paused after each page was photographed to examine the glass plate carefully with a magnifying-glass. The result seemed to justify his expectation; for upon some of them he fancied he could discover traces of figures and characters which were not in the books.

"I can't be certain, don't you know," he said to Mr. Jones, "but I think I see writing. Look at it, Mr. Jones; look carefully."

Mr. Jones put on his spectacles and applied the magnifier, but, after a long inspection, shook his head and declared that he could see nothing on the glass but what was in the book. It was gratifying, to be sure, to see the page so well and clearly portrayed; and he should like to have one or two impressions to keep, he said, just for his own satisfaction; but as for any discovery, he had very little hope of it.

"Your eyes are not so good as mine, don't you know," said Adolphus; "just look again. There, I am sure I see something. I can't quite read it, or make out what it is, but there are lines and figures in that space, I'm certain. I see it! I see it!" he exclaimed, after a further inspection. "It will come out plainer in the printing. There has been an entry here which has been taken out again by some means. The books have been falsified! Money has been embezzled! Here are the proofs, and Huxtable is the culprit!"

Mr. Jones was just going to beg him to be silent, and to express his own conviction that Mr. Adolphus was deceived, when a light footstep was heard outside, and, turning round quickly, they saw Mr. Huxtable's pale face in the doorway. He had evidently heard Mr. Adolphus's words, for there was a look of anger and dismay upon his features. His eyes, which had fallen in the first place upon the open ledger, glanced hastily round the room and rested for a moment upon the camera, which stood in one corner with a long black curtain hanging over it, so that it was impossible for any one who did not know what had been going on to perceive at once what it was. The next instant he turned away, closed the door, and turned the key in the lock, and they heard his footsteps hastily descending the stairs.

They looked at each other in silence for a moment, and then tried the door, which was fast.

"Ring the bell," said Adolphus, who used to boast that he was always ready for any emergency. But there was no bell to ring up in that garret.

"Open the window," he said, "and call out." But there was no window—only the skylight.

"Break the door down," he exclaimed.

"No! no!" said Jones; "we must have no violence—we must have no disturbance. Think of the house! the firm! We must have nothing but what is respectable."

"It's very unpleasant," said Adolphus.

"Very unpleasant indeed," Mr. Jones replied, sitting down upon a box which happened to be convenient, and wiping his smooth forehead with his handkerchief. "I never was in such a dilemma before."

Mr. Adolphus eyed him for a minute gravely, and then broke out laughing. Composing himself at length, he said, "I wonder how long we shall have to stay here? 'It may be for years,' don't you know, 'and it may be for ever.' It reminds me of the old oak

chest, where somebody was shut up, and could not be found until she had become a skeleton. Some day, perhaps, many years hence, this door will be opened in like manner, and here upon the floor will be found stretched in anatomical order upon the ledger the bones of Jones, besides other remains, which," with a touch of real pathos in his manner, "nobody will care about."

"It's a very unpleasant circumstance," said Mr. Jones, "and I wonder you can jest about it. Presently we shall have Mr. Huxtable, and Mr. Goldie, and all the new clerks brought up to see us come out, like—like—like two rats out of a trap; with the ledger and the books, and that magic-lantern thing of yours; it will be so ridiculous, so undignified, especially as I do not believe we have discovered anything."

"We can hide the magic-lantern, as you call it, behind the lumber, and I'll carry the ledger down for you if we can only get out; you can say you brought it up here for the sake of the light, you know; that will be true enough."

"But how are we to get the door open? The key is gone, too. Huxtable must have taken it away with him. It is not in the lock."

"Very likely he will throw it into the river, and never say a word to anybody. That is what the archbishop did, don't you know, when he looked up Ugolino and his sons in the dungeon at Pisa."

"And what became of them, Mr. Adolphus?"

"They were starved to death, I believe, after they had eaten each other alive, Mr. Jones."

"How very shocking!"

"Yes. Have you such a thing as a piece of paper and a pencil about you, Mr. Jones? I think I should like to keep a journal of our imprisonment, don't you know, like Silvio Pellico. Something in this way. 'Ten o'clock. I am very hungry. This morning I had no breakfast. I am justly served. I ought to have had more foresight."

"'Ten five. A tom-cat has just walked across the skylight, and looks down upon us with a compassionate expression. How often one finds sympathy where it is least expected."

"'Ten ten. The cat is gone—happy creature! Oh, liberty, how sweet thou art! I wish I were a Thomas Ca—at.'"

"I wish you would be serious, Mr. Adolphus," said Jones, impatiently. "I regret very much that I was induced to lend myself to this absurd proceeding. I am more convinced than ever that I am getting past my work. I must really have taken leave of my senses."

Mr. Adolphus made no reply to this suggestion, which he could not but feel reflected equally upon himself. He wished, however, in his turn, that he had never persuaded him to undertake this business. He had been "whistling," as it were, to keep his spirits up; but he felt that he was in a false position, and did not like the idea of the exposure which must follow. They sat for a long time looking at each other in silence. At length Mr. Adolphus, getting impatient, determined to break open the door, whatever Mr. Jones might say to the contrary. He rose and applied his strength to it, and to his surprise it gave way immediately, the keeper of the lock being loose. Lifting the ledger on to his shoulder, he bowed to Mr. Jones politely to lead the way, and they marched down the stairs with all the dignity they could muster.

Mr. Huxtable's door was wide open as usual, but

he was not in his room. The clerks in the lower office were at their work, wondering much that Mr. Jones had not arrived with his usual punctuality. Nobody had seen Mr. Huxtable go in or out. He did not return to the office that day nor the next. In a word, he was never seen again in Lombardy Court. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." Mr. Huxtable had taken alarm at the few words which he had overheard, and at the camera, which, being covered over with a black cloth, might, for anything he knew, have been a policeman in concealment, and made good his escape while the photographers were under lock and key. It was discovered afterwards, whether by Mr. Adolphus's magic-lantern or not we need not inquire, that there had really been erasures from the books, and that the manager had embezzled some of Mr. Goldie's money. The amount was not large, Mr. Jones's jealous and unflinching care of the books having thwarted him; but if Mr. Huxtable had succeeded in getting rid of Mr. Jones, as he very nearly had done, he would have had his own way with the accounts, and the losses might have been much more serious. Mr. Goldie understood this, and acknowledged it in a manner very grateful to Mr. Jones's feelings. He made a little speech in the presence of all the clerks, extolling Mr. Jones's punctuality and earnestness in the discharge of his duties, and expressing his own regret at the annoyances to which he had been exposed. "I owe you more, Mr. Jones," he said, "than I can ever pay. You have saved me from losses which might have been large—might have been ruinous; it is not, perhaps, too much to say that you have saved the credit of this house, so long established and so well esteemed. And you have done this, as I have now learnt, by great self-denial and diligence, by working and watching and labouring early and late, at the sacrifice of your own rest and comfort and health. You could not have done more, and perhaps would not have done so much, if the interests at stake had been your own instead of your employer's. I have always looked upon you as the oldest and best of my clerks. Let me shake hands with you now as my best and kindest friend."

Mr. Goldie's voice trembled as he spoke; and the old book-keeper, tingling with honest pride and pleasure, could only bow his acknowledgments. A murmur of applause was heard from the clerks, and from that day forth a better feeling and a truer sympathy prevailed between them all, employer and employed.

### OUR SCHOOLS.

NO subject of national interest has engaged more earnest public attention in England within the last few years than the subject of Education. Beginning with the wholesome inquiries instituted by the Public and Endowed Schools Commissioners, and ending with the inauguration of our present beneficent scheme of Elementary Schools, a period of nearly fifteen years has been devoted to its discussion. During that time very important changes have been introduced into the government and constitution of our so-called Public Schools. The more flagrant abuses which had existed in some of the worst of the grammar schools have been swept away. Their usefulness has been greatly extended by the introduction

of judicious reforms. And their benefits have been brought within the reach of those for whom they were primarily intended, namely, the least wealthy of the people generally. Opulent educational endowments have been searchingly investigated; and plans, approved by the Legislature, for the better application of the vast and increasing revenues derived from them have been brought gradually into operation. The advantages of an education on the Foundation of our greater Public Schools are not now reserved, as in times gone by, for the favoured few; but for boys who, in open competition with their fellows, show by their abilities and moral fitness that they are deserving of election. In short, every school which was in any sense under the eye of the State has been diligently inquired into, and made to form a firm and substantial connecting link in that grand educational system which is at once the pride, the glory, and the hope of this country.

If we examine the construction of that system, we shall find that it consists of two principal divisions, the one representing what may fairly be termed free education, the other education which has to be paid for. The first is provided in the Elementary, the Lower Grade, the Endowed, and the greater Foundation Schools; the second is supplied by the larger Proprietary and Private Schools. With the latter we have little to do in this paper, not because those schools are not entitled to notice, but because, in discussing them, we at once enter upon a very wide field of discussion indeed, the question of middle-class education. We have not thought it necessary to bring to our aid figures to show the proportion of boys, out of the whole number between the ages of seven and nineteen, belonging to the great mass of English society known as the middle class. Mr. Fearon, however, in his most exhaustive and masterly report on the Endowed Schools within the Metropolitan area, has given an approximate idea of their position in regard to the population generally, which is quite sufficient for our present purpose. "Middle-class boys," he writes, "are boys whose general education ends between their fourteenth and nineteenth years of age." Accepting this as true, it will be admitted that the great majority of middle-class boys are educated at schools ranking midway between the primary and superior school. And such schools are mostly to be met with among the lesser private schools scattered over the country. The number of these is very great; some are unquestionably very good, some are undoubtedly very bad. "There is, perhaps, no institution in our country," said the rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, speaking at the meeting of the Social Science Association a year or two ago—"there is, perhaps, no institution in our country which calls more urgently for the hand of the reformer than our middle-class schools." As we cannot hope even to initiate the needful reform in a paper of a casual kind, professing only to give a mere outline sketch of our educational system, reluctantly we must allow the Private Schools to pass. Their prestige as an important component of this system suffers from the admixture of that element of private adventure with the honourable profession of teaching which is, unfortunately, in many cases, so perceptible in some prospectuses which have come under our notice. Read by the light of similar publications issued by the larger Proprietary Schools, it is simply impossible that an



adequate return in the way of competent instruction can be forthcoming for the small fees in so many instances asked for lodging, maintenance, and education combined.

The Proprietary Schools (with which may be classed the superior Private Schools) are those which, not being endowed, are private property, but are owned by single proprietors, or proprietary bodies distinct from the schoolmaster. An example of these may be found among such admirable institutions as Marlborough College, Cheltenham College, Clifton College, and Brighton, and others of the same class. These institutions, in regard to their school system, instruction, and plan generally, follow so closely the model of our greater Foundation Schools, that it is not necessary to enter here upon any detailed description of them. Suffice it to remark, that in point of prestige they rank as the best of our Public Schools, and that they lend important aid as well to the great principle of free education by their system of scholarships and preferment to the University.

Speaking generally, the Foundation boys of our great Foundation Schools are in the eye of the law the school; and when we write of these institutions as the very origin of free education in England, the fountain-source, in fact, whence has sprung our whole educational system, we allude more particularly to such schools as they were originally designed by their founders. At the head of the list stand Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Shrewsbury, Rugby, Harrow, Charterhouse, St. Paul's School, and Merchant Taylors' School, the "sacred nine" as they have been not inaptly designated. They were founded within a period ranging from the close of the fourteenth century to the beginning of the seventeenth; from the reign of Richard, to that of James the First. Winchester, the earliest, is older by several generations than the Reformation and the revival of classical literature in England. Eton, founded by Henry VI half a century later, was modelled after Winchester. Each was an integral part of a great collegiate establishment in which the promotion of learning was not the sole purpose of their founder, though it was undoubtedly his principal aim. Westminster is one of the many grammar schools originally established in connection with the cathedrals and conventual establishments for which provision was made by Henry VIII after the dissolution of the monasteries. Harrow, Rugby, Shrewsbury, Merchant Taylors', and St. Paul's are among the multitude of schools founded in the sixteenth century either by grants of church lands direct from the Crown, or by private persons, generally of the middle class, who, conscious of the up-hill fight they had had in childhood and early life, were determined to give to others who came after them the means of overcoming such difficulties. It may be remarked that nearly all our lesser Endowed Schools likewise have originated in this manner. Rugby School, whose eminent prestige is, perhaps, best known to the world at large through a published schoolboy biography written by one of its most distinguished scholars, was founded by Laurence Sheriff, citizen and grocer of London. Harrow owes its existence to John Lyon, a well-to-do yeoman of Elizabeth's reign. Shrewsbury School Edward VI instituted on the urgent representation of the burgesses of the town that no place of instruction for boys existed there. John Colet, a dean of St. Paul's, founded in 1512 the

admirable school which stands in rear of the Metropolitan cathedral, for the education of a stated number of "children of all nations and countries indifferently." Merchant Taylors' School was created at the expense of the Merchant Taylors' Company. Each one of these great seminaries, the counterpart of which has never been produced, was founded mainly for the education of poor scholars in grammar. In the case of Eton and Winchester the boys who were admitted to the foundation were afterward sent to the University at its sole charge. But in general the education of the "poor scholars" ceased with the termination of their fifteenth year. Either by direct statute framed by the founder himself, or by custom, there came to be admitted to these schools "foreigners," or, in other words, scholars foreign to the foundation. At Eton we find these foreigners existing under the name of "Oppidans." At Winchester they bear the name of "Commoners." At Westminster we find a distinction drawn between the general body of the scholars and the foundationers, the latter being designated "Queen's Scholars." And so with the other schools, "the foundation," as designed by the founder himself, is to a certain extent preserved intact as regards free education, and in some cases maintenance; but the benefits of the school instruction are now within the reach of any one who has the means to pay for it.

With the reader's leave we now propose to see how these great Foundation Schools fit into our present system of, what we have termed, free education—how the enormous pecuniary and other advantages, the prestige, the honour belonging to election to their respective foundations, are the birthright of every English boy, whether he be poor or whether he be rich. And as the royal founder of Eton College principally designed that illustrious school for the education of "poor students desirous of entering the University," let us see how election to its foundation is now within reach of the son of the poorest man in England. Elementary instruction may be had at the cost of the ratepayers, and the time will come in this country, as it has already come in the most intellectual State of the United States, the State of Massachusetts, when it will be held to be no more a disgrace to accept of elementary education at the hands of the School Board than to receive profitable employment at the hands of the Government. No one feature of American society more agreeably surprised the writer of this paper during a prolonged stay in the city of Boston a few years ago than the way in which the sons and daughters of well-to-do persons and the sons and daughters of the poor mingled in the public schools. Many of the most eminent statesmen, philanthropists, and divines that the United States have produced during the present century were educated in the free schools of the State in which they were born. Elementary instruction, then, in England may now be had at the cost of the ratepayers. If a boy discovers singular ability, he may win one of the many scholarships founded by benevolent persons now in the gift of several of the School Boards. He may then obtain a free seat at one of the Lower Grade, or Grammar Schools. If he is ambitious, and still shows himself apt to learn, and diligent in his studies, he may compete for the Eton Foundation Scholarships, of which there are about eleven offered for open competition every year. The examination is not an extremely difficult one, and

the limits of age are between twelve and fifteen years. Once at Eton, he receives free education and maintenance at the cost of King Henry's endowment, with the chance of election in due course to King's College, Cambridge. The highest honours within the gift of the University are now within his reach, and he has the same opportunity of competing for them as the undergraduate of a college whose education has cost his father from two to three thousand pounds.

Perchance this paper, which we may here remark forms but the introductory chapter to a series of illustrated descriptions of our greater Foundation and Endowed Schools presently to appear in this periodical—perchance this paper may be read by a boy whose abilities tempt him to enter himself for a Foundation Scholarship competition, but whose courage fails him because of the fewness of the prizes offered, and the numbers who compete for them. We may remove some of the lad's apprehensions when we remind him that, just as there were brave men living before Agamemnon, so there are other schools existing besides Eton.

We selected Eton to illustrate our argument because Eton ranks first among our great schools, and because she has attained a distinction second to no other school in the world. Certainly there are other schools existing in England besides Eton College! In London alone the net annual income of Endowed Schools was in 1868 computed to be no less a sum than £55,189, exclusive of £1,089 for exhibitions to the University. In the case of one foundation, and we may remark that that foundation is not Christ's Hospital (for entry to which presentation by a governor is necessary), the prospective increase in its revenue was so great that no safe estimate could be formed of the foundation's future income. Here, then, is cheering news for all boys who desire to enter our Public Schools, and for parents whose honourable ambition it is that a son may be known as a King or Queen's or Founder's Scholar in one of those Schools. Nowhere in our social system is that freedom which is held to be typical of the English nation more admirably or strikingly exemplified than in our greater Foundation and Endowed Schools. We are indebted to them for the inculcation of those principles of independence, self-reliance, and sturdy manliness which happily still constitute important points of our national character. They help to discipline the youth of the country in habits of honourable emulation, in regard for order and for law, in becoming respect for the institutions under which they live. Those schools are free to all, open to all, the rich and the poor alike. The son of the man of large means, and the son of the man struggling to maintain his children decently, once admitted to their shelter, lose that distinction which the world draws between the two, and become members of the same honourable family, earnest in maintaining the dignity and repute of their common mother. If we study the history of Eton College, we shall find in it one of the most perfect types of the English nation. No place like Eton has rich and poor so distinct yet so blended together. No place has all classes, all shades of feeling, both political and religious, so combined in harmony and working uninterruptedly. Eton College is the wealthiest in point of tradition as it is the noblest of our great Foundation Schools, a splendid goal for any boy to keep before his eyes, and we trust that in this brief introductory paper we have

awakened sufficient interest in its history, and the history of other great schools, to make our next paper, which will be on Eton College, acceptable to the readers of this journal.

#### JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.\*

I.  
THE celebration of the seventieth birthday of the poet Whittier, on the 17th of December last, was an incident unique in literary annals. The date coincided with the twentieth anniversary of the "Atlantic Monthly," and the publishers of that magazine determined therefore to commemorate it in a festive manner. A goodly company gathered to meet the venerable poet at Boston. Among them were Longfellow, Walter Cullen Bryant, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dana, Emerson, Bayard Taylor, Mark Twain, Story the artist, W. Lloyd Garrison, and other men of note. The guests for the most part presented their felicitations in verse. Never before was poet so gracefully honoured by his contemporaries. But John Greenleaf Whittier is more than a poet; he is a veteran who laboured for years in the front of the great anti-slavery movement; he is a true-hearted man, whose virtues have built up a solid claim to the affection of his countrymen.

The birthplace of Whittier still stands at Haverhill, in Massachusetts. It is an old farmhouse in the midst of a beautiful country. Noble trees surround it, and glorify the hills and valleys about, and generous pastures and rich meadow lands are on all sides. A brook runs at the foot of the slope on which the house rises, and the road winds by its side, picturesque and quiet. Whittier has been often called the Burns of America. There are great and essential differences between the two poets, though in spirit and in circumstances there are points of resemblance. They were both reared at the plough-handle. Whittier's father was a farmer of small means; he was a Quaker, and is described as "a good, well-meaning, useful man," the descendant of a tall, gigantic, long-lived race. By a singular chance, Burns was the first poet with whom the lad Whittier made acquaintance. The following passage, written long years afterwards, pleasantly describes the effect on his mental development.

"Burns is to me the noblest poet of our race. He was the first poet I read, and he will be the last. One day one of our preachers came to stay all night, and noticing, as we sat by the fire, that I was intent upon a book, he said, 'I will read to thee, if thee likes, some poems by Robert Burns. I have a copy with me.' So he got the book and began to read. It was the first I had heard of Burns, and my wonder and delight over what I heard are as fresh still as if it were yesterday. I had heard nothing up to that moment, it seemed to me, that had any right to be called poetry; and I listened as long as the old man would read. I noticed he left the book on the table, so I rose at grey dawn next morning, and read for myself. I was hanging over the book when the Friend came down, and then he told me he was going farther to visit such and such meetings, would be back at such a time, and, if I liked, would leave

\* Whittier's complete Poetical Works. Macmillan.

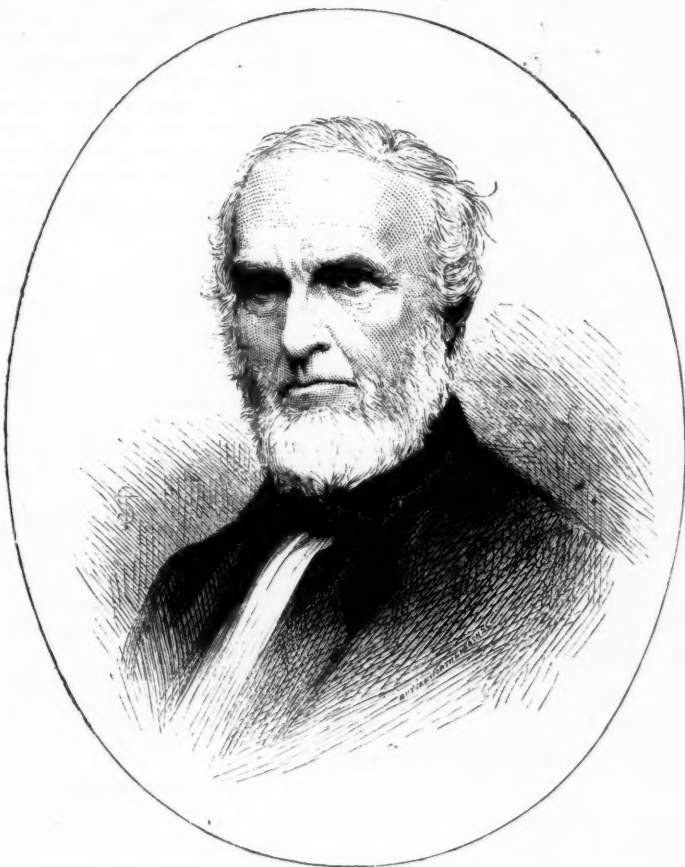
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the book with me. Thee may be sure I gratefully accepted his offer. I read Burns every moment I had to spare, and this was one great result to me of my communion with him. I found that the things out of which poems came were not, as I had always imagined, somewhere away off in a world and life lying outside the edge of our New Hampshire sky ;

encouraged his earliest efforts. We have a beautiful picture of this early home in one of the poet's later poems, "Snow Bound, a Winter Idyl," written when he was nearing his threescore years. The scenes of youth are seen with greater vividness in the mellowing light of declining day, when the companions of our morning have gone their way beyond the mystic



*From a Photograph by Warren, Boston, U.S.A.*

*John G. Whittier*

they were right here about my feet, and among the people I knew. The common things of our common life I found were full of poetry. It was a new and perfect revelation."

In this spirit Whittier himself began to write, and wide as was the range he afterwards took, it was always characteristic of his home-centred life. The father, whom he has described as "a prompt, decisive man," wasting no breath, does not seem to have recognised any distinguishing signs of genius in the boy ; but his mother, who came of French descent, with keener insight, or with more sympathetic pride,

bourne, and leave us silently to contemplate the paths by which they cannot return. And so in this poem, dedicated "to the memory of the household it describes," we see distinctly the solitary old farmhouse, and the snow-covered fields around it, and the crackling fire against the chimney-back within, and all the personages that gather round the warm hearth during that week in which they are cut off from the outer world. The sources of Whittier's inspiration lie patent to us in the simple narration ; there is no one familiar with his poems but may trace the origin of many of them here. How large a share

the mother unconsciously had in his poetical education, we may gather from his portraiture.

"Our mother, while she turned her wheel,  
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,  
Told how the Indian hordes came down  
At midnight on Cochecho town,  
And how her own great-uncle bore  
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore,  
Recalling in her fitting phrase,  
So rich, and picturesque, and free  
(The common unrhymed poetry  
Of simple life and country ways),  
The story of her early days.  
She made us welcome to her home ;  
Old hearths grew wide to give us room ;  
We stole with her a frightened look  
At the grey wizard's conjuring-book,  
The fame whereof went far and wide  
Through all the simple country side ;  
We heard the hawks at twilight play,  
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,  
The loon's weird laughter far away ;  
We fished her little trout-brook, knew  
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,  
What sunny hill-sides autumn-brown  
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down ;  
Saw where, in sheltered cove and bay,  
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,  
And heard the wild geese calling loud  
Beneath the grey November cloud.  
Then, haply, with a look more grave,  
And soberer tone, some tale she gave  
From painful Sewell's ancient tome,  
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,  
Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint,—  
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint."—

What a mother for the poet-nature! But there was besides, the uncle, "innocent of books," but rich in the love of the fields ; there was the maiden aunt, of genial mood and simple faith ; the elder sister,—

"Keeping with many a light disguise  
The secret of self-sacrifice ;"

the brother, too ; and she, the youngest and the dearest of the household,—

"Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,  
Now bathed within the fadeless green  
And holy peace of Paradise."

Nor did these complete the circle ; but it must be enough for us to notice that among its occupations was the recitation of poems which denounced slavery at a time when it was a governing power in the States, and that the literary possessions of the family are thus summed up :—

"The almanack we studied o'er ;  
Read and re-read our little store  
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score ;  
One harmless novel, mostly hid  
From younger eyes, a book forlorn ;  
And poetry,—or good or bad,  
A single book was all we had."

Such was Whittier's home, where the frugal virtues were tempered by cheerful industry and piety. It is pleasant to add his more definite testimony to the higher influence of his mother. "All,"—he once wrote, in the "Friends' Review,"—"that the sacred word

'mother' means in its broadest, fullest significance, our dear mother was to us : a friend, helper, counsellor, companion, ever-loving, gentle and unselfish. She was spared to us in the seventy-eighth year, and passed away, after a sickness of about three weeks, in the full possession of her faculties, in exceeding peace, and with an unshaken trust in the boundless mercy of our Lord. It was a beautiful and holy death-bed. Perfect love had cast out all fear." Another member of the family speaks of her as having "no moods," and being ever patient, affectionate, and firm. "She so sympathised with misfortune and distress that she could not wait to investigate, and consequently sometimes gave to those who were unworthy ; but if that be a weakness, it is of the order that no one will be ashamed of before the Judge of all." An example of this kind is an inspiration, and doubtless the world has seen some of its fruits in her son's own large benevolence.

The only formal education that Whittier received was, first, in the smoky kitchen of a neighbouring farmhouse, next at the roadside school, and then at an academy, where he attended for two years. The natural vigour of his mind would appear to have atoned for all scholastic deficiencies, for his poems, imperfections notwithstanding, have all the qualities of a higher culture. We are told that he was a steady boy, quiet and still, saying little and playing little, but everybody's favourite. The most interesting recollection of those days, however, is to be found in some charming verses of his old age, which we may quote here as one of the sweetest of his shorter poems :—

#### "IN SCHOOL DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning,  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official ;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on its wall ;  
Its door's worn sill betraying  
The feet that creeping slow to school  
Went storming out to playing !

Long years ago a winter sun  
Shone over it at setting ;  
Lit up its western window-panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favour singled ;  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered ;—  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue-checked apron fingered.

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He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice  
As if a fault confessing.

'I'm sorry that I spelt the word:  
I hate to go above you;  
Because,'—the brown eyes lower fell,—  
'Because, you see, I love you!'

Still, memory to a grey-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing.  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss  
Like her,—because they love him."

The slight encouragement accorded to the fledgling poet in his own home, and the ridicule of companions on the farm and at school, made him the more sensitive and diffident. His boyish effusions were secretly sent to the nearest village newspaper, the editor of which proved to be one William Lloyd Garrison. They were both of them then in their teens, and comparing the future lives of the two men, their meeting—as related by a Philadelphia "Journal" of the Society of Friends—was a remarkable coincidence. Garrison, after long and diligent search, found out his new contributor, who blushed to his finger-tips at the unexpected honour. A modest estimate of his powers has ever since been one of his characteristics. "I have not been able," he says, in a recent letter to a friend, "to place a very high estimate on my writings. I knew too well their deficiencies. But I have given the public the best I had to give, and the measure of favour with which it has been received has been a constant surprise to me. This, at least, I can say truly, that I have been actuated by a higher motive than literary success, and it has been my desire that whatever influence my writing may exert should be found on the side of morality, freedom, and Christian charity."

The shoemakers claim Whittier as one of St. Crispin's craft. The people of Haverhill, according to a correspondent of the "New York Post," like to speak of him in that character. "He made a good shoe, a real good shoe," said one of them to a visitor, on a recent occasion; "but he worked slow; he wasn't a bit quick; always thoughtful like." At eighteen he tried school-keeping, but the rough boys of the district were too much for him, and he resigned. His youth was, however, for the most part, spent on his father's farm. He went for a brief space to Boston, and afterwards to Hartford, to undertake the duties of newspaper editor, but soon returned to his agricultural pursuits. As an editor, he never attained more than moderate success. As a politician in the narrower local sense he has never been distinguished, though in 1835 he was chosen to represent his native town in the Massachusetts Legislature. In 1836 he became one of the secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and soon afterwards removed to Philadelphia, where he edited an anti-slavery journal. The manner of his introduction to the larger world of American readers has been often told, and the story is not without grotesque features. It appears that he chanced to

meet in the street a well-known "publisher and pill-seller," who startled him by proposing to pay him five hundred dollars for the copyright of his productions, and a percentage on the sales. With some hesitation, and a feeling almost of compassion for this strange Mæcenas, Mr. Whittier yielded to his persuasions. The poems were collected and issued in attractive form, and the sales which followed astonished nobody so much as the poet himself. It was the beginning of more prosperous days, but he realised no very great sum from his writings before the appearance, in 1865, of "Snow Bound," the poem to which we have already referred, and which was written in the sick-chamber, the sudden popularity of which is said to have been "one of the greatest surprises in his life." The popular judgment was influenced by domestic sympathies; but while the poem has inferior lines, which the poet's after-thought might justly condemn as "indifferent versification," there are passages which remind us of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and of Cowper's "Task." Mr. Charles H. Brainard, who visited him soon after its publication, affords us an amusing glimpse on the American side of the facts. He says: "I found his house newly painted and improved, whereupon I said to him, 'It is evident that poetry has ceased to be a drug in the market.' The next morning Mr. Whittier's answer came. It was in the winter, and as the poet went up to the fire to warm his boots preparatory to putting them on, he said: 'Thee will have to excuse me, for I must go down to the office of the collector.' Then, with a humorous gleam in his eye, he added: 'Since "Snow Bound" was published, I have risen to the dignity of an income-tax.'"

The life-blood and life-work of Whittier were, in fact, from the first, in his poetry. The same may probably be said of all who truly bear the name of poet. But Whittier's poems had from the beginning a specially practical direction. Even the wilder story of "Mogg Megone," bearing the date of 1835, and which he half disowns in the preface to the later editions, gives evidence of the human sympathies that afterwards found a worthier channel. The rippling flow of its verse, modulated by its subject as the stream is by its course, and the Scott-like vigour of its descriptions, disguise its dramatic weakness, yet give deeper pathos to its tragedy of Indian life. In like manner "The Bridal of Pennacook," written in 1848, is a tragic picture of tender domestic passion in conflict with the sterner habitudes of savage life, a revelation of that nature which "makes the whole world kin." But it was in shorter lyrical poems that Whittier found full voice. The freedom of soul that was his Quaker birthright was affronted by the existence of slavery as a system. His sympathies with man as man were outraged; his sense of justice was shocked. He threw the whole strength of his nature into the conflict against this evil thing. For years he was like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Now that slavery is extinguished, many of his poems seem to have had an almost prophetic force. It is to the credit of the poet-nature in America that while the subject negro gave utterance to his yearnings in broken song and still more plaintive music, no poet was ever found to glorify the paternal mercies of the established system. Here now was a poet whose continual protest rose above all political considerations. Our English literature has its "Song of the Shirt" and its "Cry of the Children," but



happily not many such mournful strains. Whittier, if never rising to their imaginative intensity, poured forth year by year as fervid songs, stirred by as true a pathos. These "Voices of Freedom," as they are called in the collected edition, have now a singular historic interest. They take various forms, from the simple ballad to the sterner ode. Here are "Lines written on the Passage in the Senate of the United States of Calhoun's '*Bill for excluding papers, written or printed, touching the subject of slavery, from the United States Post Office.*'" Here are hot and agonising stanzas suggested by a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommended the woman on the stand as "a good Christian!" Here again, the horrors of "the Slave Ships" are depicted, in contrast with the pure and tranquil beauties of God's earth and sky. What a terrible picture of past villainies, as of some demoniac sport, lives in the lyric on "The Hunters of Men."

"Have ye heard of our hunting, o'er mountain and glen,  
Through cane-brake and forest,—the hunting of men?  
The lords of our land to this hunting have gone,  
As the fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn;  
Hark!—the cheer and the hallo!—the crack of the whip,  
And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip!"

In many poems, and by historical illustration, the cause of the fugitive slave is pleaded. The poet visits Washington, and is tortured by its contrasts.

"To thy duty now and ever!  
Dream no more of rest or stay;  
Give to Freedom's great endeavour  
All thou art and hast to-day"—  
Thus, above the city's murmur, saith a  
Voice, or seems to say."

And thus, with appeal or prayer, or with sternest rebuke, he continued to labour.

Throughout these poems he realises, as ever at work around him, the eternal laws of righteousness which govern the world. He forecasts the doom; he sees, with the clear vision of a prophet, the ultimate triumph of right, though it be through tears and blood. It is interesting to read his "Song of the Free," written in 1836, in the light of later facts.

#### "SONG OF THE FREE.

Pride of New England!  
Soul of our fathers!  
Shrink we all craven-like,  
When the storm gathers?  
What though the tempest be  
Over us lowering,  
Where's the New Englander  
Shamefully cowering?  
Graves green and holy  
Around us are lying,—  
Free were the sleepers all,  
Living and dying!

Back with the Southerner's  
Padlocks and scourges!  
Go,—let him fasten down  
Ocean's free surges!  
Go,—let him silence  
Winds, clouds, and waters—  
Never New England's own  
Free sons and daughters!

Free as our rivers are,  
Oceanward going;  
Free as the breezes are,  
Over us blowing.

Up to our altars, then,  
Haste we, and summon  
Courage and loveliness,  
Manhood and woman!  
Deep let our pledges be;  
Freedom for ever!  
Truce with oppression,  
Never, oh, never!  
By our own birthright gift  
Granted of Heaven,—  
Freedom for heart and life  
Be the pledge given!

If we have whispered truth,  
*Whisper no longer!*  
Speak as the tempest does,  
Stern and stronger;  
Still be the tones of truth,  
Louder and firmer,  
Startling the haughty South  
With the deep murmur;  
God, and our charter's right,  
Freedom for ever!  
Truce with oppression,  
Never, oh! never!"

This was Whittier. Still more conspicuous is the poet's sure instinct in such stanzas as the following, which conclude a longer poem:—

"Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth,—  
The gathered wrath of God and man,  
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,  
When hail and fire above it ran.  
Hear ye no warnings in the air?  
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?  
Up—up! why will ye slumber where  
The sleeper only wakes in death?"

Up now for Freedom!—not in strife  
Like that your sterner fathers saw,—  
The awful waste of human life,  
The glory and the guilt of war:  
But break the chain,—the yoke remove,  
And smite to earth oppression's rod,  
*With those mild arms of Truth and Love,  
Made mighty through the living God.*"

So Whittier pleaded, but in vain, and he lived to see the storm break, and at last the cause of the slave supremely asserted above the complexities of human motive. His poems, "In War Time," follow in the due course of years, like the crimson blossoms of earlier forebodings. They are fewer in number. Thus, in the dedicatory lines, penned in 1863, he writes:—

"The future's gain  
Is certain as God's truth; but, meanwhile, pain  
Is bitter and tears are salt; our voices take  
A sober tone; our very household songs  
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and wrongs;  
And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake  
Of the brave hearts that never more shall beat,  
The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning feet."

The same confident faith in the ultimate triumph of right shines through these battle-clouds as shone on his earlier horizon. How noble his version in this crisis of Luther's Hymn, "Ein Feste Burg ist Unser Gott."

"We wait beneath the furnace-blast  
The pangs of transformation ;  
Not painlessly doth God recast  
And mould anew the nation.  
Hot burns the fire  
Where wrongs expire ;  
Nor spares the hand  
That from the land  
Uproots the ancient evil.

What though the cast-out spirit tear  
The nation in his going ?  
We who have shared the guilt must share  
The pang of his o'erthrowing !  
Whate'er the loss,  
Whate'er the cross,  
Shall they complain  
Of present pain  
Who trust in God's hereafter ?

For who that leans on His right arm  
Was ever yet forsaken ?  
What righteous cause can suffer harm  
If He its part has taken ?  
Though wild and loud  
And dark the cloud,  
Behind its folds  
His hand upholds  
The calm sky of to-morrow.

In vain the bells of war shall ring  
Of triumphs and revenges,  
While still is spared the evil thing  
That severs and estranges.  
But blest the ear  
That yet shall hear  
The jubilant bell  
That rings the knell  
Of slavery for ever !

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,  
And hushed the breath of sighing ;  
Before the joy of peace must come  
The pains of purifying.  
God give us grace  
Each in his place  
To bear his lot,  
And, murmuring not,  
Endure and wait and labour ! "

The war-storm spent its devastating fury, and peace was secured on an extended basis of freedom. It is the consummation of a life-work, when a few years later we have from the same pen the "Laus Deo," written on hearing the bells ring on the passage of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery.

' It is done !  
Clang of bell and roar of gun  
Send the tidings up and down.  
How the belfries rock and reel !  
How the great guns, peal on peal,  
Fling the joy from town to town !

Let us kneel ;  
God's own voice is in that peal,  
And this spot is holy ground.  
Lord, forgive us ! What are we,  
That our eyes this glory see,  
That our ears have heard the sound !

For the Lord  
On the whirlwind is abroad :  
In the earthquake He has spoken ;  
He has smitten with His thunder  
The iron walls asunder,  
And the gates of brass are broken !

How they pale,  
Ancient myth and song and tale,  
In this wonder of our days,  
When the cruel rod of war  
Blossoms white with righteous law,  
And the wrath of man is praise !

Blotted out !  
All within and all about  
Shall a fresher life begin ;  
Freer breathe the universe  
As it rolls its heavy curse  
On the dead and buried sin ! "

Poetry of this order becomes part of the history of the nation to which it belongs. We cannot measure its influence on events, but it represents the high-water mark of noble feeling in the country which gives it birth. Before we quit this part of our subject, let us quote one of the most popular war-poems as illustrating another side of Whittier's genius.

" BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall, —

Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind : the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her four-score years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

'Halt !'—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
'Fire !'—out-blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

'Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,  
But spare your country's flag,' she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and word :

'Who touches a hair of you grey head  
Dies like a dog ! March on !' he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tost  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her ! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town ! "

### THE TELEPHONE.



**T**HERE is scarcely any one who lives in any civilised part of the world but has heard of that latest of scientific inventions, the telephone. There are comparatively few, however, who have as yet used one, and perhaps fewer still who understand the principle of the instrument and its mode of construction. We propose, therefore, to give a general idea of the telephone, how it is made, why it works, and its use.

The outward form of the telephone is probably familiar to most by the drawings which have appeared in illustrated journals. It may be thus described. Take a piece of an ordinary round ruler some three inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter ; at one end of this fix a circular disc of wood two inches in diameter and an inch thick. Hollow out the front of the disc, so as to make it like the inside of a saucer. Make a round hole in the centre, half an inch in diameter, and you have the outward appearance of the telephone ; but this is only the shell or covering, and of itself is no use.

The telephone, in its present form, is but a recent invention ; but the principles on which its working is based have been known a long time, and the wonder is with this, as with other inventions, that it has not been found out before. It is, however, owing to the unwearying exertions of Professor Bell, and to the numerous experiments he has made, that we are now enabled to speak, and not only to speak, but to recognise the voice of the speaker, who is situated far distant from us.

Sound is, as is generally known, produced by the vibrations of the air, and it advances at the rate of 1,130 feet in a second, but by the aid of the telephone we can make it advance at the rate of 288,000 miles in a second of time, this being the speed at which the electric current is estimated to travel. For all purposes to which the telephone is likely to be put, this enormous speed would give practically no interval of time between the speaking of a message in one instrument and its hearing in another situated miles away.

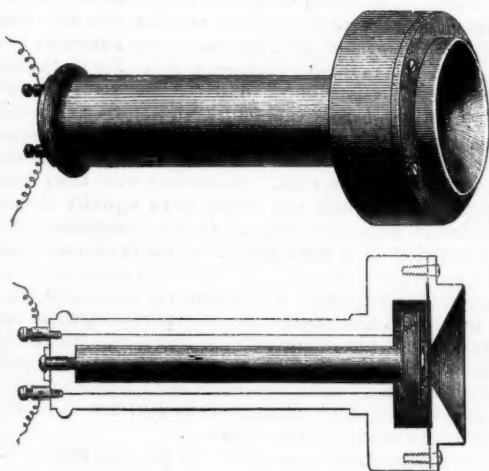
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As the instrument for receiving or hearing a message is identically similar to that for sending or speaking one, being converted to either purpose by simply placing it to the mouth or ear, it will be sufficient to describe a single telephone; but before doing so it would perhaps be as well to give a short summary of a few electrical facts in order that the reason why a telephone works may be more clearly understood.

When an insulated copper wire is wound around a soft iron bar, and a current of electricity is passed through the wire, the iron becomes a strong magnet, and continues so as long as the electricity passes through the wire, resuming its usual state, however, when the current ceases. But the reverse of this is also true—namely, that if a strong magnet is placed inside a helix of copper-wire an electrical current is induced at the moment of the insertion of the magnet, but disappears as suddenly as it came, until the magnet is withdrawn, when it is again apparent. To test this experiment a delicate instrument called a galvanometer is necessary in order to show the direction and power of the induced currents.



Bearing these facts in mind, let us pass on to consider the interior of the casing or shell, which has been described before. First we find, enclosed in the wooden ruler, a small round bar of steel some four inches in length and a quarter of an inch in diameter, and strongly magnetised. This may be considered as the battery, or source from which the electrical current is derived—for the telephone requires no costly arrangement of cells or batteries in order to work it, as each instrument manufactures its own electricity at exactly the right moment and in the exact quantity needed. Around one end of this magnet is wrapped about sixty feet of very fine copper wire covered with silk; this, for the sake of convenience, is coiled on a wooden bobbin or reel like an ordinary cotton-reel, except that the sides are thinner and perpendicular, not sloping. The magnet is placed through the hole in the centre of the reel, and has its north end nearly flush with one side of the reel, the south end projects backwards, and is enclosed in the round wooden case, which for the sake of simplicity we called the ruler. In front of the north end of the magnet is a very thin disc of iron about two inches in diameter, whose edges are screwed up tight

between the hollow disc of wood which encloses the coil and the saucer-shaped mouthpiece which forms the front of the instrument. Each extremity of the copper wire of the coil is carried back to the end of the instrument, and there connected to two binding screws, from which wires proceed to the binding screws of another instrument, exactly similar to the one described, and which may be placed at any distance off.

Now let us suppose that two instruments are properly connected together by insulated wires, and that it is desired to send a message. The one instrument is put close to the mouth of the sender, the other to the ear of the receiver. We will now suppose the sender to speak, and will trace what follows.

Speaking, or making a sound, causes the air to vibrate, and not the air only, for the vibrations of the air striking against the thin iron plate make that vibrate also; but any motion, however small, of the thin iron plate, which we will in future call the diaphragm, alters the condition of the magnetic field surrounding the small magnet, and by altering this, that is, by strengthening or weakening it, an electrical current is induced in the coil surrounding the magnet; the current being strong or weak according to the number and extent of the vibrations of the diaphragm. But if a current or currents of electricity are induced in the coil of one instrument they must pass along the wires to the other instrument, and through its coil also, varying the power of its magnet, and so diminishing or increasing its attraction for the diaphragm in front of it; but by doing this the diaphragm is caused to vibrate, and every vibration caused by the sound of the voice on the diaphragm of the sending instrument is exactly repeated on that of the receiving instrument. Hence, whatever sound produces the vibrations of the one instrument is carried along the wires, as it were, and repeats itself in the vibrations of the other instrument, and so is heard by the person whose ear is applied close to the mouthpiece.

The use of the telephone is at present restricted, as far as distance is concerned, by the inability of the weak electrical currents which cause it to work to overcome the resistance opposed to it by long lengths of insulated iron wire, and also because the wire to which two telephones are attached ought not to be near a wire along which the strong currents used in telegraphing are passing; for these, when passing along a wire in close proximity to that of a telephone, are liable to induce a current of electricity in it, sometimes of such power that the ticking of the telegraph instrument can be heard by the listener at the telephone, interrupting all verbal communications. It is to be hoped, however, that these difficulties will soon be got over, and that the telephone will come into general use, superseding, perhaps, in the course of time, the present methods of telegraphing.

A few notes as to the history and progress of the telephone since first known in this country may be read with interest. Rumours of the invention had for some time crossed the Atlantic, but were treated with scepticism, as many "American" discoveries are apt to be. But when Sir William Thompson, a high authority on all physical questions, on returning from the Centenary Exhibition at Philadelphia, testified that he had heard words spoken at great distances, doubt gave place to wonder and expectation. At the meeting of the British Association at Plymouth, Mr. Preece, of the Postal Telegraphic

Service, who had been sent to report upon the scientific advancement of telegraphy in the United States, exhibited the actual telephone, and gave a popular lecture upon it. The subject excited intense interest, and the telephone became the sensation of the day. The conversation held between Plymouth and Exeter during that lecture, heard by as many as the time permitted, confirmed all the strange reports that had been given. Mr. Preece has since published a summary of his statement in a journal called the "Week," in which he says:—

Professor Bell had spoken between New York and Boston, 260 miles apart; others had spoken at various distances up to 100 miles; I have spoken between Dublin and Holyhead. Sneezing, coughing, laughing, applauding, breathing, and all sonorous vibrations which the human lips can produce or the human ear can detect, were reproducible at distances infinitely beyond the reach of the ear and the eye. It is perfectly true, then, that conversation can be maintained at great distances, but under what conditions? The very delicacy of the apparatus is its great enemy. It must not be in the neighbourhood of other working wires. It must therefore have an isolated line to itself. When its wire is in the neighbourhood of other working wires, it is disturbed by every current that passes. Hence, when it passes near several working wires, it seethes and roars in a way that is likened sometimes to the pattering of hail against a window, sometimes to the hissing of frying fish, sometimes to the shaking of dry peas in a bladder, and always so as to drown the effects of the voice.

Its actual utility is as yet unknown. Its age at present can only be reckoned by months. But bankers, warehousemen, tradesmen, and hotel-keepers are using it between their private rooms and their offices. Noblemen and gentry are fixing it between their halls and their stables. In Germany it has been applied as a practical telegraphic instrument for the transaction of ordinary telegraphy. The military are trying it as a field telegraph. Divers are using it in their submarine operations. Miners find it invaluable for their underground proceedings. It has been most ingeniously employed to indicate the rate of the movement of air in such places, where proper ventilation is of vital consequence. In America its introduction is simply marvellous in its rapidity. The instruments cannot be supplied fast enough to meet the demand. Already in New York alone they are said to number thousands. But the telegraphic difficulties in the American dry climate are not so great as in our English moist atmosphere, and it is probable that its use here will not be so rapid or so extensive as on the other side of the Atlantic, where scientific aid to the transaction of business is far more sought after and far more applied.

Professor Bell has since delivered lectures, especially at the Society of Arts, in which he gave an account of previous discoveries, and the steps by which he had arrived at his present instrument. He has also exhibited the telephone to the Queen at Osborne. We are told that her Majesty conversed with Sir Thomas and Lady Biddulph, and that Miss Field sang "Kathleen Mavourneen," for which her Majesty, through his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, kindly returned thanks telephonically. The applause that followed was heard at the cottage end of the line. On again being requested to sing, Miss Field gave Shakespeare's "Cuckoo Song,"

which was heard throughout a circuit of five human bodies. She then sang "Comin' thro' the rye," and delivered the epilogue of "As You Like It," both being perfectly audible. The next experiments were with Cowes, where Major Webber was in command. A quartette of tonic sol-fa singers sang "God save the Queen," "Stars of the Summer Night," "Sweet and Low," and "Sir Knight, O whither away?" with excellent effect, the unison being far more complete at Osborne than where the singers were themselves. After his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught had finished a long conversation with Major Webber, Mr. W. H. Preece, of the post-office, talked from Southampton with Professor Bell and Colonel Reynolds. A bugle sounding a retreat was heard from Southampton with startling distinctness.

The account of some early experiments on the submarine telegraph between St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, and Sandgatti, on the French coast, are also worthy of record. Although the wires were being used on the ordinary business of the station, and the clickings of the Morse instruments being worked at Dover and Calais were going on all the time, yet the voices could be plainly heard and their tones distinguished. The songs sung in a little wild hut on the French coast were reproduced note for note and word for word, *piano* and *forte*, like the distant murmur of a shell—a small far-off voice—on this side the water. "Star of the Evening" and "Auld Lang Syne" came rolling across the rough and stormy Channel, down which ships were staggering with shortened sails, and through the tumbling surf, without the loss of a tone or a note. Whistling was tried with equal success, and the tunes were equally distinguishable with the songs. It was suggested that the popping of a cork might be made out, and our French friends were asked to listen attentively to what would happen. Unfortunately no bottles were at hand, but a gentleman of the party, equal to the occasion, put his finger into his cheek and admirably imitated the drawing of a cork. "You have just drawn a cork," came the voice from the other side, with just a shade of melancholy in its tone. A hearty laugh was raised by this mistake.

Soon after the opening of the present session of Parliament the "Daily News" made the following announcement:—

"THE TELEPHONE AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Last evening communication was established between the House of Commons and the office of the 'Daily News' in Bouverie Street by means of the telephone, which is specially attached to the ordinary telegraphic wires running between the Houses of Parliament and the 'Daily News' office. Conversation was distinctly audible despite the noise from the other wires, and part of the Parliamentary debate and summary in this morning's paper was received by this novel and interesting agency."

For naval purposes the telephone would probably be found useful in communicating between the bridge and the wheel, between the turret and the engine-room, and between the look-out and the officer of the watch. In military affairs it is not likely to be of use—at least, amidst the noise and tumult of actual conflict—but for signals and communication with outposts it may be serviceable. In connection with the diving-bell, it has already been the means of saving life. The Phonograph, a kindred invention, suggests strange possibilities of speech between this generation and the next.

"Three  
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No. 13